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# AT THE TWILIGHT HOUR

AND

OTHER POEMS



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# AT THE TWILIGHT HOUR

AND

## OTHER POEMS

BY

HATTIE LEONARD WRIGHT

1898.  
FOR THE NEW  
THE M. S. S. R. I. N. T.  
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*Sometimes I sang because the way seemed dreary,  
Sometimes for joy my harp begun to thrill.  
Sometimes, when Grief stood mute 'neath sorrow weary  
A dirge unlocked her lips so still  
And so, through life, my harp and I together  
Have climbed the mountain or have crossed the plain.  
It brightened for me all the gloomy weather  
Or soothed some fellow wand'rer's pain.  
This little book shall voice some faint vibration  
Of all that thrilled my wand'ring harp of yore,  
As some small shell of ocean's strange creation  
Still sings though wave shall kiss it nevermore.*



## AT THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

THE last few rays of the fading light  
Look back on the earth in ling'ring goodnight,  
And the purpling tints of the evening mark  
That peaceful time " 'twixt daylight and dark"—  
My happiest time ; 'tis the twilight hour.

The soft red glow from the fire-place falls  
In flickering gleams athwart the walls,  
On table and books and old time chairs,  
On quaint old vases marshalled in pairs,  
That show through the dusk of the twilight hour.

And, side by side in the fireside glow,  
One stately and tall, one little and low,  
Two easy chairs invitingly wait,  
While I softly whisper, "It's getting late"  
In fear we may miss our twilight hour.

But a well-known step's on the flags outside,  
A moment later and you're at my side ;  
Then what do we care for the world without,  
For it's praise or blame, for it's faith or doubt ?  
They vex us not in the twilight hour.

*AT THE TWILIGHT HOUR.*

Weary and worn from the long day's hard toil,  
Brown with the sun, marked with stains of the soil,  
Somewhat grizzled and gray, somewhat careworn  
and old,

You are yet more to me than can ever be told  
As we sit side by side in the twilight hour.

The hand that holds mine in clasp tender and  
warm,  
Though roughened by toil and scarce graceful  
of form,  
Has battled for country in treason's dark hour  
And helped to put down rebellion's vile power,  
And I'm proud of it now in this twilight hour.

As we silently sit in the deepening gloom  
That gathers and grows in our firelighted room,  
I think of the hardships, the sorrow and care  
That have furrowed your brow and silvered your  
hair;

I would make you forget in this twilight hour.

Then I think of the years that are yet to be,  
Bearing bitter and sweet for you and for me,  
And I know the cup will be sweeter if we  
May share it together, whate'er it may be.

'Tis of this that I dream in this twilight hour.

Oh, I pray when, at last, our tasks are all done  
And together we watch life's fast setting sun,  
When the tender Angel of Death shall come  
Our spirits to bear to our Heavenly Home,  
We may rest side by side in that twilight hour.

I GROW.

I N a cleft of a rock both dark and deep  
There fell a seed long ago ;  
One glimmering ray broke its wintry sleep  
And woke it to live and grow.  
Prisoned from day in the darkness of night,  
Not even a leaflet near,  
It pined for the dew and the warmth and light  
And hated the darkness drear.  
Far, far overhead shone a glimpse of blue,  
And up from the depths came clear  
The sound of a spring that had trickled through  
For many, many a year.  
So, because it could not *live* in the dark,  
Because it must drink or die,  
It reached forth its leaves to the shining mark  
(That was all it could see of sky) ;  
It sent down a thirsty rootlet to drink  
From the fountain flowing below,  
And down in its heart it began to think,  
"I really believe that I grow."

\* \* \* \*

Years came and went and a graceful young tree  
Had reared there its beautiful crest,  
And every bright leaf as it fluttered free  
In the wind from the warm southwest

Sang the sweet song that the first time was heard  
In cold, cheerless darkness below.  
How happiness thrilled and throbbed in each word  
"I grow, I grow! Oh, I grow!"

\* \* \* \*

Boughs were wrenched off by the furious gale  
Or burnt in the lightning's flame;  
And leaves fell thick 'neath the fast flying hail,—  
The song was ever the same.  
Heaviest storms spent their fury in vain,  
Droughts parched the earth far and near,  
'Mid the thunder's roar came the old refrain  
"I grow, I grow,"—sweet and clear.  
And the scars were healed as the years went on,  
Every springtime brought new life,  
And flower and fruit crowned the victory won  
Through years of storm and strife.  
Still the same old song swelled up to the sky,  
"I grow, I grow! Oh, I grow!"  
Till every wind brought the gladsome cry,  
"I grow, I grow! Oh, I grow!"

\* \* \* \*

And so I sing through the dreariest night,  
Throughout the weariest day;  
The sun's overhead though clouds keep the light  
From shining across *my* way.  
The goal may seem never so far from me,  
The pathway be rough and steep;



My strength indeed very little may be  
And torrents be wide and deep ;  
Tomorrow the sun may shine bright and clear.  
The torrents have ebbed away ;  
If not I'll be patient, banish all fear  
And wait yet another day.  
And still with a heart full of joy I sing,  
"I grow, I grow ! Oh, I grow !"  
There will come, bye-and-bye, a blossoming  
Of life and soul—*this I know.*

---

## SMOKE AND A SERMON.

'T WAS sunset, and, looking across the plain  
And the forest fresh from the recent rain,  
I was watching the tender light that lay,  
So soft and so bright and so far away,  
On the white cloudships that dreamily  
Sailed the measureless depths of azure sea.  
Toil-smirched and careworn I wished I could be  
Clean as a cloud and as buoyant and free ;  
My life seemed so gloomy—would it were bright—  
But even it's shadow seemed dark'ning to night.  
Near by me an engine that stood on the track  
Sent skyward a column of smoke thick and black.  
Blacker and thicker on upward it rolled  
Till the setting sun turned it's top to gold,  
Then fair as a cloud, just as softly bright,  
It was borne away on the breeze so light.  
So, I thought, with life—if we lift it high

*SMOKE AND A SERMON.*

It's grimy spots turn to gold in the sky,  
If only upon them we catch the ray  
Of the Sun that shines through unending Day.  
So the inky smoke of our battles may rear  
A pillar of cloud in our wilderness here  
That shall be as a pillar of light to show  
Some wayfaring brother the way to go.

---

*MY VIEW AND HIS'N.*

I TELL ye jest what, them teachers  
Has 'n awful sight fer ter bear,  
An' I couldn't be hired t' be one  
Ef I hadn't a rag t' wear  
Except this old suit uv blue-jeans  
An' not nary cent fer t' spare.

Fust, they's a passel uv young uns  
Jest full uv the very Old Nick—  
The biggest uns puttin' the littlest  
Up to ev'ry mischeevous trick  
An' a keepin' theirselves out uv trouble  
In a way th't seems purty slick.

Then, they's th' intrusted payrents  
Ferever a meddlin' aroun'  
An' a faultin' th' teacher fer somethin'  
He knows better 'n they, I'll be boun'.  
It hain't possible fer ye ter suit 'em  
Anyways ter suit 'em all roun'.

MY VIEW AND HIS'N.

9

This one—*he* thinks th't his childern,  
The teacher hain't learned 'em enough,  
Th't he's ben by far too easy :  
The next one allows he's too rough :  
An' Jones, *he* says th't he's partial  
An' he's took his'n out in a huff.

An' then, just look at his quarters.  
He boards with th' Widder Van Bloom ;  
Two mile 'n a half he must foot it  
'Cause th' neighbors here hed'nt room.  
Takin' summer 'n winter t'gether  
His comfort it hain't on th' boom.

Fer 'n fall th' roads is so muddy,  
In winter ther drifted with snow,  
An' 'n spring th' mud is repeated,  
By June in the dust he must go.  
Ef it hain't one thing it's another  
T' make him feel mizzerble low.

Then they's th't dirty old school-house,  
'Tain't fit fer t' stable a cow :  
Th' ceilin' all frescoed with spit-balls  
Thet's stuck frum th' fust year tell now,  
Th' winders without any curtains,—  
A comfortless place, you'll allow.

They hain't a tree th't stands nigh it  
T' keep off th' blisterin' sun  
Th't strikes straight through them old winders

In th' children's eyes—ev'ry one  
Scorchin' an' parchin' an' blindin'  
Tell th' long afternoon is done.

It's jest ez bad in th' winter  
Fer th' glare uv th' dazmlin' snow  
Shines through them unshaded winders  
All day with it's pitiless glow:  
An' cracks in th' weatherboardin'  
Lets in all th' winds th't blow.

My son, he don't see it thet way;  
He belives th't teachin's a trade  
Much better 'n farmin' or physick  
Or th'n sellin' dress goods 'n braid;  
Th't next to preachin' comes teachin'  
An' th't teachers is born 'n not made.

He says th't them little children  
Is learnin' *him* some ev'ry day,—  
Somethin' he'd either forgotten  
Or th't never come in his way;  
Thet his mind's brighter 'n better  
An' th't thet alone would be pay.

He says th't thet narrer school room  
Is th' big world copied out small,  
Where students uv human nacher  
Can find little samples uv all  
Th' bodies, brains, dispositions,  
Thet crowd this terrestrial ball.

He says th't th' work uv teachin'  
Is somethin' noble an' grand ;  
Thet th' unknown hard-worked teacher  
Today holds fast in his hand  
Shapin' fer good er fer evil  
Th' destiny uv our Land.

He says th't it learns him patience  
At th' same time thoroughness  
As he tries t' foller th' pattern  
Uv One who will surely bless  
Th' work uv th' humblest teacher  
Thet strives in His footsteps t' press.

---

A LAWYER'S VALENTINE.

A GAIN I rise to greet the day  
That wakens life and feeling,  
That brings the songster's sweetest lay,  
His happiness revealing ;  
The foremost courier of the May,  
Announcing her in gladness,  
The springtime sunshine's earliest ray  
To banish thoughts of sadness.

Full oft I've known the time return,  
Without one fond emotion  
To wake this heart, so grave and stern,  
To Love's own sweet devotion.  
The fancies fair, that fill the air

## THE LAWYER'S VALENTINE.

Upon this happy season,  
Could not keep house with heavy care  
And stolid sober reason.

But now, a vision floats about  
The must and dust of volumes  
And with its presence puts to rout  
My figures in their columns.  
A *precedent*, I can't forget,  
Is not the one I've cited,  
And gentle *answers* haunt me yet,  
My plea not half indited.

And now, I've written "Valentine"  
Upon the deed I'm framing—  
Right in the middle of the line!  
The senior would be blaming  
This member of the firm  
Did he but know the courting  
That takes my mind this term—  
A suit I'm just reporting.

Dark eyes, that smile above the page,  
With tender timid glances,  
Would melt the heart of any flint,  
Or blind a lawyer's senses;  
The scarlet lips that tempt my own,  
Their pearly treasures showing,  
The lovely brow, a cloud (dark brown)  
Of hair about it blowing;

The echo of a half-breathed "yes,"  
Called "no" the instant after,

Because you would not then confess,  
But fled with mocking laughter ;  
And, after that, the long, long kiss  
I took, your lips compelling  
To yield me all the tenderness  
Denied me in the telling.

I call the vision "Valentine"  
By all the loves of ages—  
I call it and I make it mine,  
Recorded in these pages ;  
And, lest thou doubt my right to do it,  
I'll simply sign myself to prove it,  
Forever and forever thine—  
Thine, and thine only,

VALENTINE.

---

JUNE.

OH, the happy, happy time  
When in merry, merry chime,  
With sweetly sounding voices  
Earth carols and rejoices  
To the merry, merry tune  
Taught her by the joyful June.

Oh, the joyful, joyful time !  
To be sad were now a crime.  
Above gay birds are singing,  
Below the flowers are springing.

## JUNE.

All to deck the golden noon  
Of the sunny days of June.

Oh, the quiet, quiet time!  
Stillness of a balmy clime.  
In languid ease reposing  
At daylight's dewy closing.  
Guarded by the tender moon,  
Dream we of the lovely June.

---

 PARTING SONG.

**M**EMORY'S wand calls up tonight  
The past with all its shade and light.  
Thoughts are with the days of yore—  
Oh, happy days, they come no more.  
Thinking of the friends they brought,  
Rememb'ring all the changes wrought,  
Sadness fills each heavy heart.  
As now from classmates loved we part

**CHORUS**—May our lives lead up always,  
Illumined by the Sun's bright rays,  
Till, surrounded by His light,  
Our class shall never say good night.

Let us hope the years gone by  
Are but the steps to those on High,  
That together there, as here,  
All those whom we have held so dear.



Teachers, classmates, one and all  
Not one name missing from the call  
Will have left a memory fraught  
With earnest deeds and loving thought

Now farewell! Hope doth us show  
A flowery path, but who can know  
When the rose will show its thorn  
How soon the clouds obscure the morn?  
One there is, and one alone,  
The future can to us make known.  
Waiting hearts, bow down in prayer  
That God will hold us in His care

---

## TO A DARWINIAN

OUT of the protoplasm  
In Chaos' darkest chasm  
Went forth two molecules  
By evolution's rules.  
These, gathering and uniting,—  
You see I'm Darwin citing—  
With other molecules,  
Became two wondrous fools.  
And they were, I opine,  
You and your valentine.  
Now this has quite assured me  
That I'm the foolish one for thee  
And you're the only fool for me.  
So, of two fools, let one fool be.

## THANKSGIVING DAY.

TIME waits to gather in today,  
With all his hoarded treasures,  
The smiles and tears, the hopes and fears,  
The joys, the griefs, the pleasures,  
The prayers, the vows, the prophecies,  
The failures and successes,  
The tares and wheat—true grain or cheat—  
Just as they stood, together,  
That side by side, for many a day  
Through fair and darksome weather,  
Have grown and ripened, leaf by leaf,  
To form the year's full rounded sheaf.  
And as the Reaper cuts and binds  
The harvest for our sowing  
A tricksome fancy round it winds  
A wreath so bright and glowing --  
Forgetful of the tares and cheat,  
Remembering but the golden wheat,  
We grieve to find the harvest past  
And wish that June could always last.  
But, since for us this may not be,  
We look upon our sheaf and see  
The flowers that hide what's poor and mean,  
The grain that looks so fair and clean,  
And think that sure no other year  
Hath ever brought such rare good cheer.  
And so we gather round the board

## THANKSGIVING DAY.

11

With Autumn's bounty richly stored,  
And quip and jest fly to and fro  
And toasts are drunk and songs are sung.

\* \* \* \*

The dancers range themselves in row,  
The fiddle now is quickly strung,  
And to its romping merry tune  
They dance the "Ole Virginny Reel,"  
The "Fisher's Hornpipe," "Old Zip Coon,"  
The "double shuffle." (Nimble heel  
*That* takes to dance it well, you see)  
And "Patting Juba,"—all the list  
Of fancy steps, from pigeon wings  
To pigeon-toes. Each one his best  
With all the odd, outlandish flings  
To rouse a rival's jealousy.  
The merry games that children know  
Find older players on this day;  
And matron staid and grandsire gray  
In "blind man's buff" rush to and fro.  
At last around the chimney wide  
We draw our chairs close, side by side,  
And speak of all those happy days,  
Thanksgiving days, that went their ways  
Long years ago; of friends that met  
Together here, now gone before;  
Of how today we miss them, yet  
We hope to meet them all once more;  
Of that glad Day, Thanksgiving Day,  
That dawns upon our earthly way  
To cheer us as we gently go

## THANKSGIVING DAY.

Adown the vale to cross the stream  
That ripples on the other shore.

And, while we talk, the fire burns low  
With strangely fitful flickering gleam ;

The shadows lengthen on the floor  
Then slowly climb along the wall,  
And thoughtful silence wraps us all.  
And then the grandsire slowly kneels  
And from his place there upward steals,  
At first in accents faint with tears  
And then in triumph o'er all fears,  
A prayer—so full of faith and love  
It seems to lift us all above  
The clouds that often hide the way  
That leads us to Thanksgiving Day.

---

## "THE YEARS GLIDE BY."

THE years glide by, dear friends,  
The years glide by.

Like ripples on a shoreless sea  
Where all beyond is mystery  
And all behind is memory,

The years glide by.  
And, as our gallant bark, Today,  
Sails gaily on her course away,  
The years, that never, never stay,

Glide swiftly by.  
Far, far astern a glittering trace  
Is all that's left to mark the place

*"THE YEARS GLIDE BY."*

19

Where our Today passed other days  
As they went by.

And there the glimmering light and shade  
Of joy and mirth, bright hopes betrayed,  
Show for a moment ; while they fade  
The years glide by.

But, oh, my friends, the years that glide  
So swiftly to the farther side —

Though they glide by  
To fade at last in shadowed night,  
Come, bright with morning's glorious light,  
Bringing us ever new delight,

As they glide by.

Yet never mourn their speedy flight ;  
Because, each tiny moment bright  
Speaks of a Land that knows no night,

Though years glide by.

And surely, though beyond our sight,  
For us, if we but steer aright,

"There is a Land of Pure Delight,"

Where the years glide by, dear friends,  
The years glide by.

---

ARBUTUS.

O H, sweet the warmth of sunny skies,  
Where all things dream in deep repose  
And bright the flower that blooms and dies  
Below the belt of frosts and snows !  
Kissed by the sun to scarlet hue

It flames in brilliant beauty forth,  
And never feels the winds that strew  
The frailer blossoms of the north.  
Bathed in the copious dew of night,  
It's color deepens and it goes,  
To meet the morning, all bedight  
In deepest tint of velvet rose.  
One calls it perfect in its grace,  
The queen of all that bud and bloom.  
I never loved an *empty* vase—  
What more's a flower without perfume?  
My floweret blooms 'neath colder skies,  
And faint and few are the rays that fall  
Where, all snow wrapped, it hidden lies.  
I prize it, though—yes, more than all.  
The bleak fall winds and the cold fall rains  
The sunless days and the frosts and snows.  
All come and go, while an old year wanes,  
All come and go, while a new year grows.  
And, while the earth still in darkness sleeps,  
From its bed of leaves my floweret peeps  
And shines in its beauty under the snow.  
Just tinged with a blush by the winds that blow,  
The flower hides away 'neath the leaf's dark green  
And buds and blossoms alone, unseen,  
While the spring wind bears on it's wings of air  
A whiff of an odor both rich and rare;  
Faint it may be, till some passing foot,  
Strayed from the path, breaks the tender shoot  
That yields its sweetest perfume with life.  
And so, my sweet, from the turmoil and strife.

From the winds of doubt and the rain of tears,  
From the frosts and snows and the grief of years,  
You have grown to the perfect, pure, sweet flower  
That will live in my heart till it's latest hour.  
But frosts must come and skies must lower  
And rain must fall, for the perfect flower.  
So, bloom the more brightly you will, I know,  
For the fairest flowers open under the snow,  
And tend'rest hands brush the flakes away  
To gather Arbutus' delicate spray.

---

## IN MEMORY OF HELEN NINDE KING.

---

[One of the sweetest and purest souls that ever blessed this earth with tender ministrations has passed up higher. And we who are left are desolate in our bereavement of a life that blessed all other lives that ever felt its influence.]

---

SO little time!  
Oh, God, so short the space  
To whisper tender, loving words,  
To look upon a precious face!  
So little time!  
(Oh, God, how swift it flies)  
To feel the touch of trembling hands  
To meet the glance of earnest eyes,  
So little time!  
Oh, God, a moment brief  
To feel the kiss of loving lips  
On lips all dumb with grief!

So little time !  
Thank God, the time will be  
But brief that we must work alone.  
Then time shall be eternity.  
A little time,  
Thank God, and quickly gone.  
Oh, then, why should we grieve ?  
So soon will our tomorrow dawn.

---

TO THE MEMORY OF OUR CLASSMATE,  
JENNIE ARMSTRONG.

WHEN the shades of night are falling,  
When our labor's day is done,  
We can hear loved voices calling  
From the Land beyond the sun.  
Ah ! One voice has called but lately,  
One form we almost can see ;  
Time has not the vision faded,  
Oh, we often think of thee !  
Friend, most fortunate of all,  
We are left to wait awhile.  
"Bide a wee" must we and then  
We may meet thy welcome smile.  
Can Death break the chain of Friendship ?  
Can it be that Love has flown ?  
No ! In heaven reuniting  
We may claim thee as our own.  
Through our tears we read the promise  
Fulfilled *there*, but given here.



TO A NOVEMBER VIOLET.

25

And through sorrow we are slowly  
Upward led, beyond the bier.  
Yes, in heaven shall we see thee ;  
Could we hold this promise ever  
Brighter would the future shine.  
*Now* the present seems forever.

---

TO A NOVEMBER VIOLET.

OH Flower of Spring, that lingered here to cheer  
The briefer daylight of a ling'ring fall,  
Speak to my darling of another year—  
Of vines that drape an humble cottage wall,  
Of birds that build beneath its slanting eaves  
And swing upon the rose-branch at the door ;  
Of hope that bourgeons with the budding leaves,  
And Love that waxes more and more.  
Smile in her face, my flower, and see thyself  
Reflected in the dark depths of her dusky eyes.  
Smile, for the answer of her bending lips  
Shall stir thy beauty with a new, a sweet  
surprise.  
Nestle against her cheek, my wee blue flower  
And dream of summer winds and sunny days ;  
Breathe in her ear a murmur of that hour  
When last I saw her lovely, flower-like face.  
And tell her, oh, my bonny blossom blue,  
Tell her, oh, tell her, violets are true ;  
Tell her I work and wait for her alone  
And tell her, winter will ere long have flown.

## TO ISABEL.

A SUMMER'S leaf, that idly sways and falls,  
Mayhap is gathered up and pressed from  
curious eyes away.  
Though faded, sere and brown, it still recalls  
The happy days, whose hours did blithely dance,  
forever bright and gay.  
So of these hours, that have so quickly passed,  
Remembrance garners up some brighter one and  
hides it safe away  
With other reliques of the golden Past.  
And, as around the leaf an odor clings  
Redolent of fair days and warm south winds, clover  
and new-mown hay,  
To older years the hour's bright mem'ry brings  
A sweeter fragrance still, that scents the inner closets  
of the heart,  
So, round thy pictured face there cluster thick  
The forms of those who came and went and in the  
summer play took part ;—  
That play, whose happy scenes passed all too quick!  
Then wandering vibrations come to me,  
Echoed from "long ago," to voice this play of  
phantoms from the past.  
Ah, that the shades might prove reality  
And each new summer, in delight a repetition  
of the last !  
An idle wish—but in the wishing sweet ;  
The play is played—the players parted to their  
distant theaters,

Perchance ne'er more upon one stage to meet,  
And other players shall rehearse our play to other  
listeners ;  
For others shall the days go happily,  
While other friends shall gather round the board  
where we were welcome guests  
And other hands deal hospitality ;  
Upon the boughs, within whose shade we dreamed,  
there will be other nests ;  
Our blossoms will for fresher flowers give place.  
But, in the time to come, no time will ever be, no  
friends will seem,  
Like by-gone times and friends of other days.  
The fairy forms that fill the fairest dreams  
Can not compare with those revealed when memory's  
taper burns  
And shows a happy glimpse of "long ago,"  
Wherein is but one dark inscription found, and that  
("It ne'er returns").  
Repeated by each year that comes to go  
And, in a chorus sad, re-echoed on the borders of  
Today.  
So, as the present soon will be the past,  
However pleasant, bright and gay, but momentary in  
its stay,  
We'll wish Tomorrow like Today  
And every summer like the last.

---

FALLING LEAVES.

OCTOBER! and a gentle breath  
Comes softly, like the last faint sigh  
That parts the lips ere mighty Death

## FALLING LEAVES.

Usurps Sleep's throne of mystery.  
The south wind blows ; how gently now  
    It stirs the dying leaves that hang  
Their feverish crimson on that bough  
    Where once, 'mid springing green, there  
        rang  
The wild sweet notes of happy birds  
    Whose little throats seemed pouring forth  
The year's new joy,—too deep for words,  
    (For words go halting from their birth.)  
The air is filled with leaves that fall  
    As pliant tree tops bend before  
The breeze that lightly stirs them all  
    And piles the rustling heaps with more.  
The distance glimmers through a haze  
    That wraps it with a veiling charm,  
As if to dim the hues that blaze  
    From yonder woodland lying warm  
Upon the sunny slope that trends  
    Full southward, till one scarce may say  
If some bright cloud that lowly bends  
    Be cloud or mountain far away.

---

## FROM THE PAST.

WITH the ebb tide and flood of the years  
    To us both many changes have come.  
We have marked them in mirth or in tears  
    Day by day as we reckoned their sum.  
You are there and I here, and between—

Far, far greater than mile-measured space—  
Our lives' opposite paths intervene,  
Paths that we ne'er may hope to retrace.  
As I muse on the days of my youth  
Oh, how fondly I love to recall,  
In their tenderness honor and truth,  
The dear friends that I loved, one and all.  
Oh, the amber of mem'ry will hold  
Still embalmed in its own golden glow  
These fair wraiths of the glad days of old  
While I live to remember and know.  
But I start when some long quiet form  
Is disturbed by a breath from *Today*  
And before me stands living and warm  
When I thought I had laid it away  
So securely no sullyng stain  
From the grim smoking battle of life  
And no throb of life's sorrow or pain  
E'er could reach it and wake it to strife.  
Oh, my friend! as you come from my Past  
Thus to enter my Present, I shrink;  
For too well do I know that, at last,  
There will shatter or strengthen one link  
In the friendships I prized long ago.  
But, when stripped of the graces of *Then*,  
Oh, I wonder shall I surely know  
My old friend when I meet him again  
Fully grown to the stature of *Now*?  
Shall I find stainless honor and truth  
Still enthroned, as of yore, on his brow?  
*Then* thrice welcome, dear friend of my youth.

“NOT HERE, BUT RISEN.”

As you pass from my vision again  
 Stepping back from the *Now* to the *Then*  
 You will fade to a phantom once more,—  
 With the shades from the loved haunts of yore  
 Still illumed by the ambient glow  
 That aye brightens the dear Long Ago.

---

“NOT HERE, BUT RISEN.”

---

[In Memory of Minnie Besley Welles. Died March 24, 1892.]

---

NO, not for her the hue of darkness born ;  
 She greets the light of an Eternal Morn.  
     Bring not for her the sable badge of  
     death  
 Who knows but now the joy of  
     Heaven's first breath.  
 “Not here, but risen,” this shall be  
 Written for all who come to see.  
 Since first beside an open tomb,  
 Dispelling all its awful gloom,  
 The angel on that glorious day  
*Forever* rolled the stone away,  
 The eye of Faith may ever see  
 Not Death but Immortality.  
 “Not here, but risen,”—let the white  
 Of Easter lilies meet the light,  
 So fair and sweet they well may be  
 The sign of what we can not see—  
 Her life's sweet bud of purity  
 Unfolding in Eternity.

*THE OLD GRAY HORSE.*

A SORRY old nag was the old gray horse,  
With his roughened coat and shaggy mane  
And his unclipped locks 'bove his well-worn shoes  
And his knotted tail fringed with frozen rain.  
And, as he soberly went on his way  
Through the mud and sleet in the morning gray,  
Very few, very few would have dared to say  
"There was once a time when this old horse gray  
"Was a brisk young nag (in the days that are past)  
And had even been dubbed, in those early days 'fast.'"  
But there had been a time when men shook their  
heads

And had even declared that the young gray colt,  
With his swinging trot at a lightning like pace,  
(Which differed so much from the regular jolt)  
Would never do aught excepting to race.  
"For an honest day's work," said they, one and all,  
"He'll be likely to balk and be sure to stall."

But a patient head and a loving hand  
Were guiding the gray colt's bridle rein ;  
And, although with many a fret and pain,  
He learned to know when to stop and to stand.  
And little by little he learned the fact  
That, to always be able the right to act,  
For horses, as well as for men, it is true  
A moderate course is the best to pursue.  
So, jogging along through the dust or the rain,

## EVENING.

Over the hill and over the plain,  
When it is wet and when it is dry  
The old gray horse goes patiently by,  
Carefully plodding where it is rough,  
Cheerfully trotting where smooth enough,  
Doing his best and doing his all,  
Never known to balk, never known to stall.  
People may talk with a jeer or a frown  
Of his long-haired coat with its mud-stains brown ;  
May laugh at the quaintly bundled up knot  
That nods behind to his regular trot ;  
But the old gray horse with an unmoved face  
Goes quietly by at the same old pace.

---

## EVENING.

DAISIES white are softly blooming,  
Roses sweet are now perfuming  
All the air with fragrance rare ;  
Dew drops pure are clearly shining  
Where the vines their leaves are twining  
Evening fair has not a care.

Evening winds are gently blowing ;  
Patient cows are softly lowing,  
At the gate they stand and wait  
For the milkmaid's tardy coming,  
Tokened by her distant humming,  
That she's late is due to Fate.



Fate has sent a lover suing  
For her hand in earnest wooing.  
Promises of faithfulness  
Love and tenderness he pledges,  
While the thrush from out the hedges  
Still sings on of love that's gone.

She forgets now that the morrow  
Has no certainty but sorrow.  
Present joy has no alloy.  
Blythely sings she of her lover  
While the birds about her hover,  
Charmed by her tuneful cry.

Maiden, lovers are deceiving,  
Birds and flowers will soon be leaving.  
Winter drear will soon be here.  
Tend thy kine, so patient waiting  
While thy lover is berating  
Time that lags and slowly drags.

All impatient of thy staying,  
Of thy long and late delaying,  
Up and down with many a frown  
He, with hasty stepping, paces,  
Thinking on thy blushing graces.  
Haste to him, the light grows dim.

Twilight all too soon advances,  
Robbing him of thy coy glances.  
Mistress calls that darkness falls.

Maiden, enter quick thy dwelling,  
Never heeding what he's telling  
Of a love that time will prove.

Love tonight's a vesper chiming  
In a tender heartfelt timing ;  
At each beat it grows more sweet.  
But the morrow brings complaining  
Of the little love remaining.  
Maiden, all have felt it's thrall.

---

BABY.

A TINY, grass-grown grave  
Where fern-fronds gently wave  
To the music of the rill  
Echoed by a distant hill.  
The stranger only sees  
Stately bending, wind-blown trees  
And beneath a tiny mound  
Which to him is naught but ground.  
That is all: for human eyes  
May not see the tears which rise  
As the mother calls to mind  
Baby fingers that still bind,  
Baby ways that still shall charm  
While her mother heart is warm.  
Baby! Word of matchless grace!  
Calling up the rosebud face  
Framed in waves of beaten gold,

A POTATOLESS DINNER.

33

Dimples, more than can be told,  
Grave eyes, in whose azure deeps  
A world of thought in silence sleeps.

---

A POTATOLESS DINNER.

THE Turk lay steaming on the platter.  
The gravy flanked him on the right.  
Alas! Whatever was the matter,  
Potatoes—*they* “were out of sight.”

And sure, as I'm a living sinner,  
Controlled by some unlucky Fate,  
To crown this memorable dinner  
R. M. tipped o'er the gravy plate.

There's one thing sure beyond all question—  
And only one—I'm thankful for,  
'Tis that not one from indigestion  
Since left this earthly seat of War.

When next I have a Turk for dinner  
With pumpkin pie and cranberry sauce,  
May she grow thin and thin and thinner  
Who makes my *menu* suffer loss.

For if so much as one potato  
Escape the boiling of the pot,  
No matter how I really hate to,  
I'll “give it to her” just “red-hot.”

## CHILDREN'S SONGS.

## SONG OF THE SHADOW FAIRIES.

CHILDREN of the leaves and sunshine,  
Blythely dancing all the day,  
To the bird-notes thrilling sweetly  
In a measure light and gay ;  
Ever dancing, dancing, dancing,  
Ever while we may ;  
Till the dew begins to fall  
And the twilight shadows all ;  
Then away we fly together  
Till tomorrow brings the sun,  
And the birds again are singing, singing,  
For, till then our play is done.

Tripping o'er the dainty mosses  
Kneeling at a lily's feet ;  
Chasing after whirling leaflets  
Nodding to the bowing wheat ;  
Ever dancing, dancing, dancing,  
Still with footsteps fleet ;  
Kissing many flowers rare,  
Floating on the water fair ;  
But at dusk we fly together  
To our hidden elfin home  
And await the morrow's coming, coming ;  
When the sun shines we may roam.

SONG II.

BIRDIE in the tree-top singing,  
Silv'ry tones around you flinging,  
Why are you so bright and gay,  
Trilling, chirping, all the day?

Birdie, I do love to hear you  
Though I don't dare to come near you.  
You're so timid and so shy  
When I come away you fly.

Birdie, you do sing so sweetly  
You have won my heart completely.  
Come again and sing to me  
From the blooming apple tree.

---

SONG III.

MERRILY we sing for gladness  
Without one dark cloud of sadness.  
Music drives away all care  
So we sing as free as air.

Merrily we sing for pleasure,  
In a joyous trilling measure;  
Sweet and clear the notes resound.  
Here is purest pleasure found.

## IV.—OUR HAPPY DAY.

OUR happy day is almost gone,  
Our songs are sung, our play is done.  
The blossoms, gathered fresh with dew,  
Are drooping in their places too.

But in our hearts a fairer flower  
Grows sweeter with each passing hour,  
Our love is steadfast, pure and bright,  
Although we now must say good night.

CHO.—May He who loves the little ones  
Watch o'er us as we now shall part  
And grant that in a fairer home  
Grandpa shall clasp us to his heart.

---

## V.—THE MOCKING BIRD.

A DARLING little mocking bird  
Was singing me a song  
Of all the sweetest tunes he'd heard  
Thro' all the day so long.

He sang of what the robin told  
The blue-bird and the lark,  
How winter was so very cold  
And all the days were dark.

But springtime with its happy hours  
Was coming very soon  
To bring back all the lovely flowers  
And happy days of June.

And so my birdie sang to me,  
From out his loving breast,  
The song which all the birds so free  
Had taught him while at rest.

Oh, darling little mocking bird !  
He sang his song so well !  
Of all the sounds I ever heard  
'Twas like a silver bell.



## THE REUNION.

—  
PRELUDE.  
—

DEAR FRIENDS:

It is nearly two months ago that the mail one day brought the request that I should commemorate in verse the work of the W. C. T. U. at the Soldiers' Reunion last fall.

The request was soon followed by a budget in which, snugly hidden away, I found one of the badges worn by the W. C. T. U. committee during those memorable August days. It was in the first whirl of excited feeling—pride in things accomplished, hope for things to come—that the opening stanzas of the poem were, not inappropriately, I trust, dedicated to

## OUR BADGE.

TODAY I feel my pulses leap  
In cadence with my heart's wild beat.  
As one wakened from his sleep  
By the *vereillee* shrill yet sweet.  
And eager for the coming fray,  
I greet the present glorious day.  
A simple knot of ribbons tied,  
Red, white and blue placed side by side—  
Colors for which our heroes died,  
Emblem of freedom and of right,  
The symbol of our country's pride,  
Her Union and resistless might  
That bore her ever conquering—



Has stirred my heart-strings till they *ring*  
In measure with the thoughts that flow  
Backward toward the 'long ago.'  
All hail our badge! the pledge of right;  
    All hail our badge! the sign of power.  
All hail our badge! From Freedom's height  
    We hail that grander, nobler hour  
When, Freedom's last dark foeman slain,  
    Our country's banner shall display  
It's radiant folds without a stain,  
    Unfurled where all the winds that play  
About its white and crimson bars  
    Are pure, untainted by the breath  
Of him who slays far more than Mars,  
    And—far more cruel—by a death  
By which both soul and body fall.  
    All hail our badge! Once more we cry,  
And down, yes down, with Alcohol!  
    Ring out the shout to yonder sky!  
Cheer once again red, white and blue,  
And to our trust let each be true!  
United let us fall or stand  
For God, for Home and Native Land.

---

## THE REUNION.

From all the neighboring country-side,  
From town and hamlet far and wide,  
    They gathered here that August day:  
And some were gray and bent with years,

*THE REUNION.*

And some were strong and bright and gay,  
Though on some faces there were tears  
All mingled with the smiles they gave  
To their old comrades grand and brave--  
For some were only shattered wrecks  
Of the grand manhood they had known  
Since he who serves his country reck  
But little of his flesh and bone.

In uniforms of faded blue  
They gathered to their rendezvous  
At old Camp Allen, as they did  
Some twenty years or more ago  
When Lincoln called them forth to rid  
Their land of slavery's dark woe.  
Around the camp fire's ruddy blaze  
They told the tales of other days ;  
Recounted oft the dangers shared,  
Privations bitter, hardships known ;  
Told o'er and o'er the way they fared  
On rusty bacon and corn pone.

We welcomed them, our soldiers true  
With hearts and hands and voices, too ;  
We welcomed them who gave their all  
For God and Home and Native Land.  
Alas ! That many a rebel ball  
Had thinned the ranks of that brave band !  
In mem'ry of our gallant dead  
Who nobly fought for right and bled,  
Yielding their lives in Freedom's need

## THE REUNION.

41

For God, for Home and Native Land  
All praise, all honor be their meed,  
Who dared to die, our hero band.

---

### THE PROCESSION.

Adown the street they marched along  
And, as they marched, the gathered throng  
Gave cheer on cheer and cheered again.

Before them marched in proud array  
Band after band of strong young men,

Gathered in honor of the day,—  
Cadets and guards—as if again  
Proud War had marshalled all his host,  
His pomp to show, his strength to boast ;  
While prancing steed and banners bright,  
The gleam of brightly polished steel  
Electric in the sun's white light,  
A brilliant pageant all reveal.

And then the veterans, battle-scarred,  
With faces seamed, hands brown and hard,  
With tattered flags, in well-worn blue,

With battered knapsacks, rusty guns,  
Some propped on wooden pins, a few

With empty hanging sleeves, and all  
Bearing the marks of toil and care  
Marched in the place of honor there.  
And louder rang the deafening cheer

*THE REUNION*

For them than for the splendid show  
That went before them,—loud and clear  
For those who vanquished Freedom's foe.

Down many a cheek tears coursed like rain  
As slowly passed the veteran train ;  
And throbbing hearts felt o'er again  
The grief, the woe, the weary pain  
That long ago had crushed them when  
Their heroes died. Though not in vain  
They died, grief mastered pride  
And ever wept "They died ! They died !"  
And now their comrade's marching by  
Stirred from the lethargy of years  
The slumbering grief, to wake and cry  
And spend itself in bitter tears.

Then peace with all her busy crew  
Triumphant brought her trophies too ;  
Here tapestries of rich design,  
There spade and plow and rake and hoe,  
Here boots and shoes, there fabrics fine,  
And more besides,—a goodly show.  
And what came next ? Our deadliest foe !  
Enthroned and canopied to go,  
Borne like some tyrant king of old,  
To mock our triumph, taunt our pride.  
To waste our strength and steal our gold.  
To scatter ruin far and wide.

Surrounded by his minions base  
There he defied us to our face ;

## THE REUNION.

41

Fluttered his banners in the air,  
    Libations poured of foaming beer  
In Satan's honor; Boldly there,  
    Upon his face a vicious leer,  
He rode—embodiment of evil, all  
That devils are—King Alcohol.  
Full many a victim wore his chain;  
    E'en some who conquered slavery  
Were marked by his foul black'ning stain,  
    The stamp of shame and misery.

And so the long line passed along  
Amid the vast and surging throng  
That lined the roadside, wild to view  
    Their soldier heroes as they marched  
Down to the camp-ground, tramping through  
    The streets, all dusty, dry and parched,  
Of Kekionga's olden site;  
Where myriad tents of snowy white  
    Gleamed near St. Mary's flowing tide  
They went, in all the pomp of might,  
    Down to the pleasant riverside.

—

## OUR VICTORY.

But as the martial host went down,  
Out from the crowded dusty town,  
One haughty rider turned him back;  
    Alone, like some grim vanquished king,  
Wended along the beaten track,

## THE REUNION.

Back to his stronghold hastening.  
With sneer and jeer and bravado  
As if defeat had galled him so  
He fain would turn it all to jest,  
    Back to his own dark gloomy hall,  
Back with a sadly drooping crest,  
    Back with his slaves came Alcohol.

For round that camp there stood a guard,  
Vigilant, keeping watch and ward  
Over the souls of those who slept

    Sheltered beneath the tents that night :  
A band of women nobly kept  
    Guard, and their watchword was  
    “The Right.”

Ah, yes! The right of strength and health,  
The right of happiness and wealth,  
Of “Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men,”

    Of joy in Heaven around the throne ;  
The angels echoed it again  
    “Right shall henceforth on Earth be  
    known.”

Within their charmed circle there  
Not even Alcohol might dare ;  
For Temperance Fair stood joined with Right  
    For God, for Home and Native Land.

And sure it was a pleasant sight  
    To look upon—that gentle band.  
Wearing a *higher* Freedom’s badge,  
Linked by the holy Temperance pledge,  
Bearing sweet flowers and kindly words,

Forth through the mighty host they went,  
Free as the swift-winged wildwood birds,  
On their great mission all intent.

No glittering shield was theirs to wear  
And never weapon did they bear.  
The simple knot of ribbon gave  
Protection throughout all the field,  
And those whom they had come to save  
Rev'rence by word and act revealed.  
And oh, the triumph of that hour !  
Freed for the time from Evil's power,  
"Tenting upon the old camp ground"  
Our gallant soldiers revelled there,  
And oft there rose the martial sound  
Of old war songs that filled the air.

But throughout all the merry crowd,  
Though often laughter rose aloud,  
Never was heard the maudlin song ;  
All with one spirit seemed imbued  
And Temperance ruled the mighty throng.  
Long will we hail the victory grand  
For God, for Home, for Native Land  
Gained on the old camp ground that day.  
Long will our fainting pulses thrill  
At the rememb'rance of the way  
The women worked their noble will.

Long will the thanks they gave us cheer  
Us in our long hard struggle here !  
Long will we hope for greater things !

## THE REUNION.

As we did conquer so we may ;  
With this bright mem'ry fresh hope springs  
That soon shall dawn that Grandeur Day  
When, free from Alcoholic thrall,  
No more before such power to fall,  
Acknowledging the sovereign sway  
Of Temperance fair, our men shall stand  
In *moral freedom* ;—this we pray,  
Oh God, for Home and Native Land.

---

## CONCLUSION.

Let us rally round the badge, friends, rally  
once again !  
Shouting the Temperance cry of Freedom !  
We will swell the lofty strain, till the skies  
shall ring again,  
Shouting the Temperance cry of Freedom.

## CHORUS—

For Freedom forever, be brave, friends, be brave,  
Death to Alcohol ! Who'd be his slave ?  
Yes we'll rally round our badge, friends, rally  
once again,  
Shouting the Temperance cry of Freedom.

Oh, we'll rally here with you, round the dear  
“red, white and blue,”  
Shouting the Temperance cry of Freedom !



We have bound our ribbon white with our  
country's colors bright,  
Shouting the Temperance cry of Freedom.

We will banish shame and woe with our last  
and deadliest foe,  
Shouting the Temperance cry of Freedom!  
And together we will stand for God, Home and  
Native Land,  
Shouting the Temperance cry of Freedom.

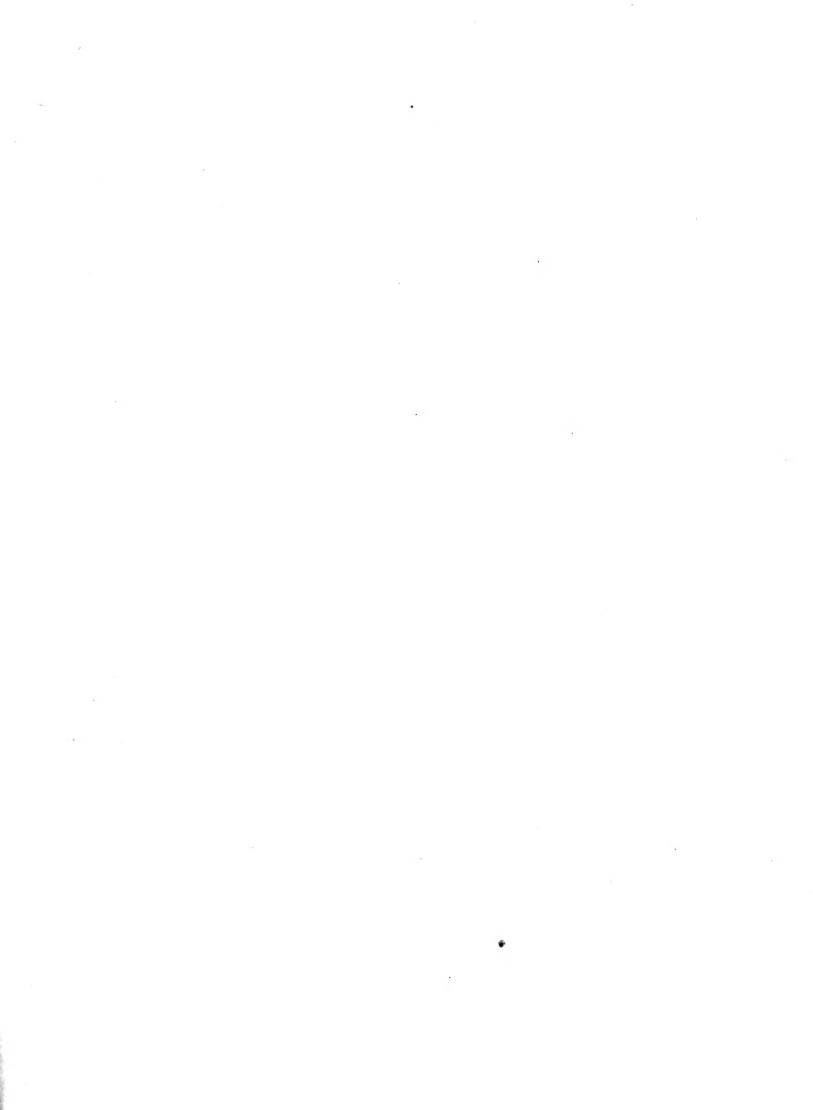
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[Read at the Indiana State Convention, W. C. T. U., 1885, in  
memory of the work done by the Fort Wayne W. C. T. U. the preced-  
ing fall at the Soldiers' Reunion.]







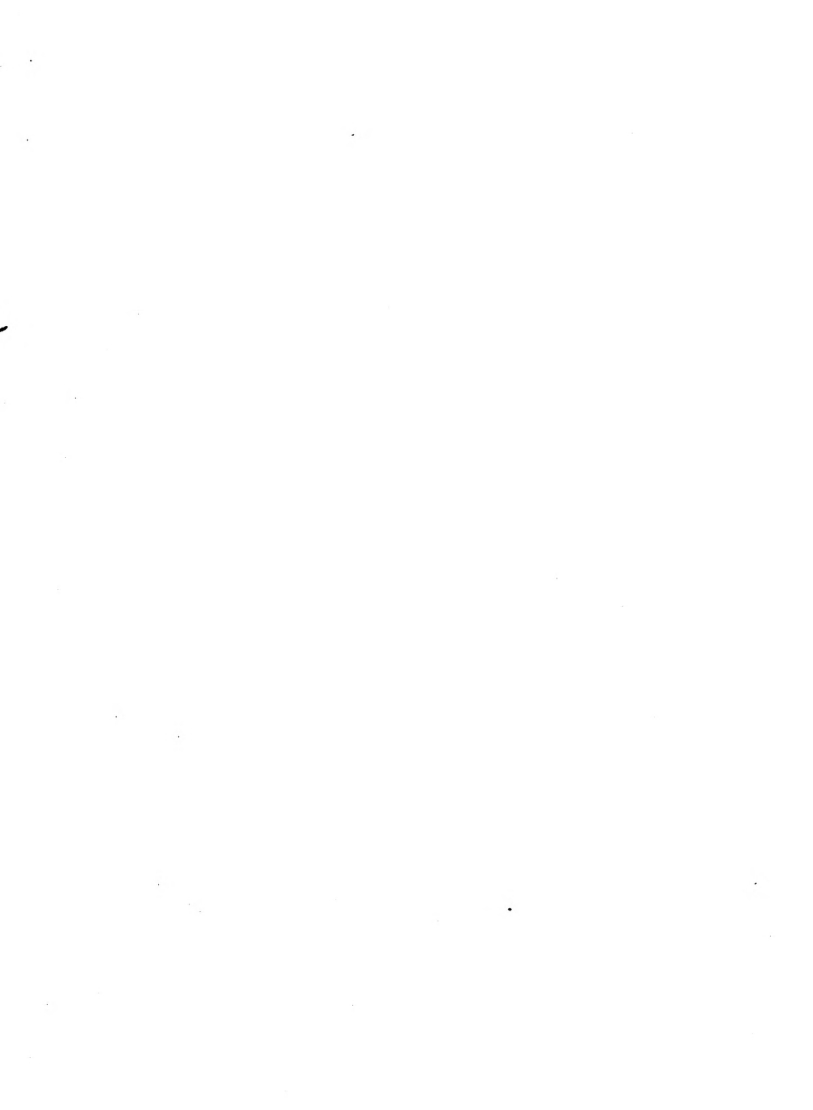




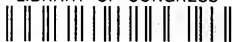








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